

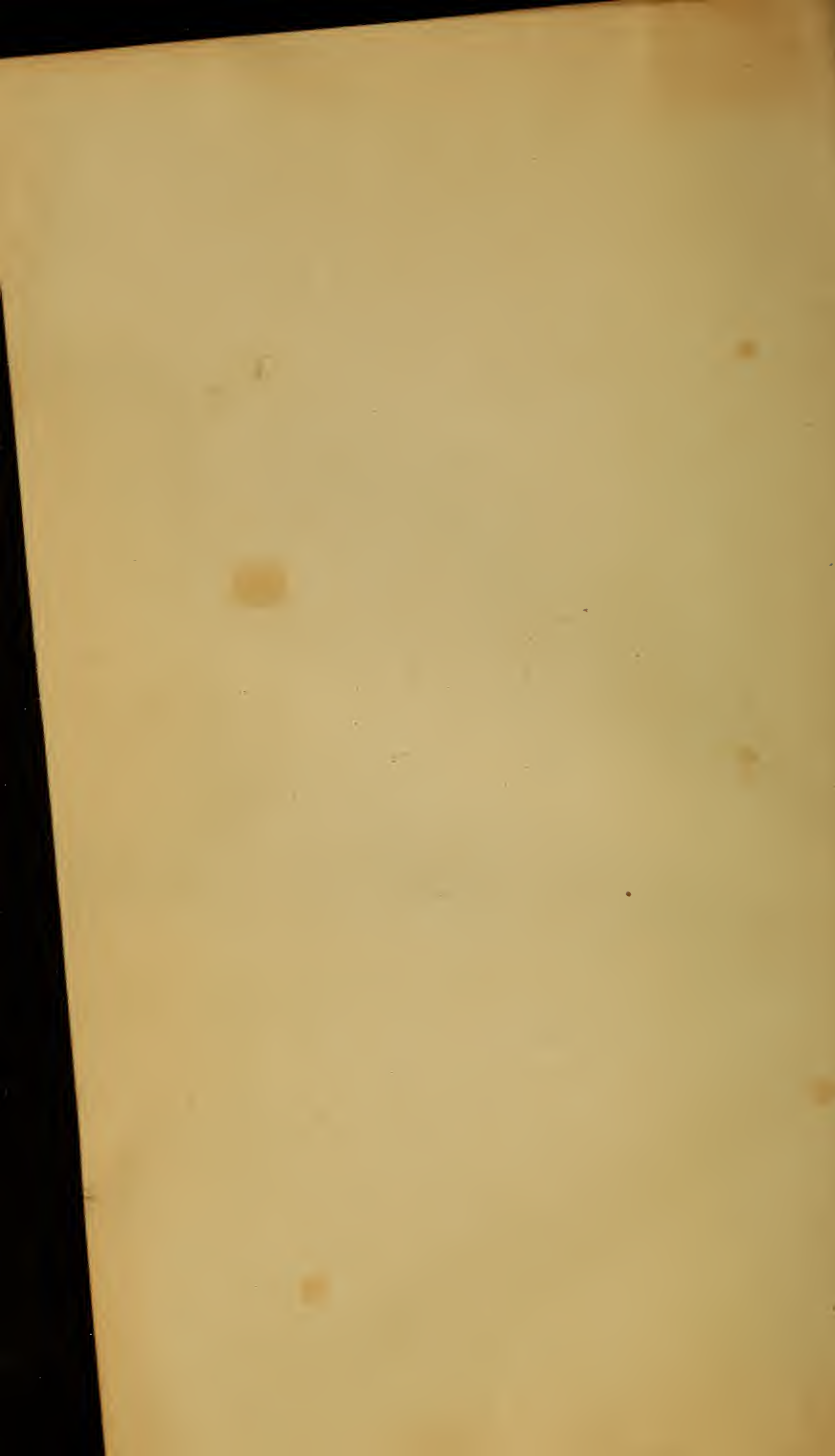
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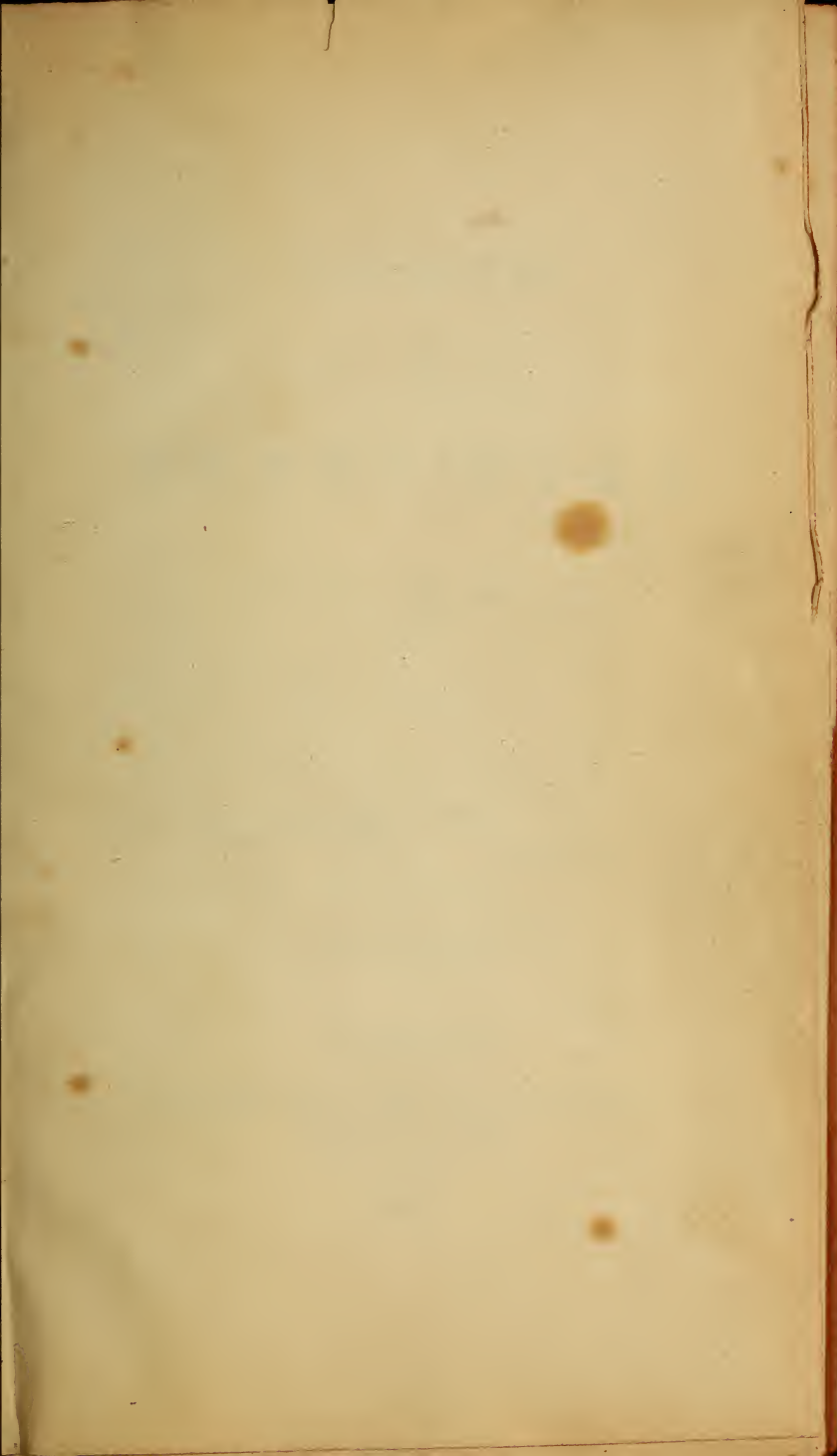


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Sternale, Mrs Mary

VIGNETTES
OF
DERBYSHIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF A BOY."

A land of brooks of water: of fountains, and depths, that
spring out of the hills.

DEUTERONOMY.

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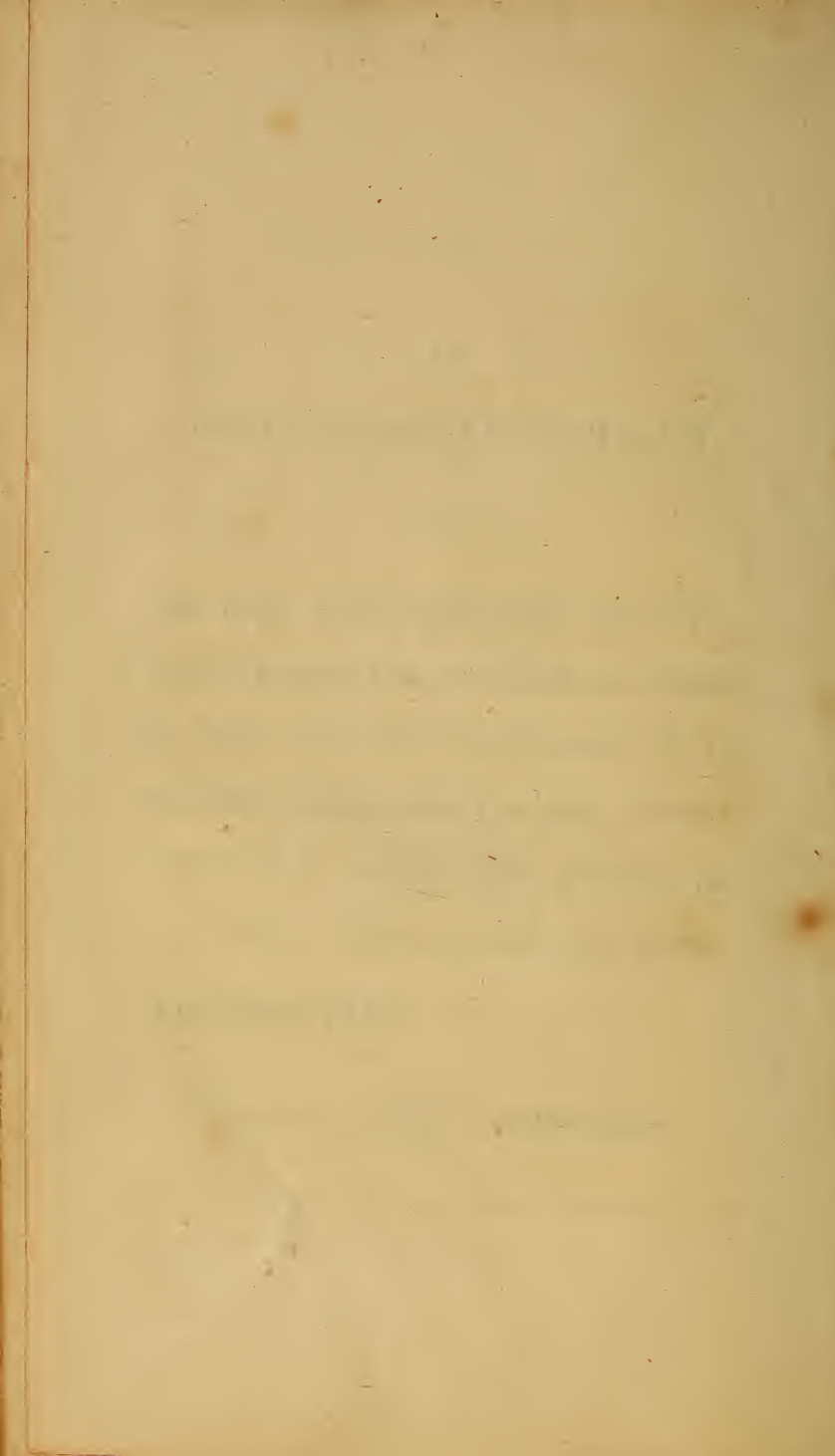
TO

F. L. CHANTRY, Esq., R.A., F.R.S.

To him whose talents have added distinction to Derbyshire, and destined Norton to be immortalized with the name of Chantry, even as Urbino became with that of Raffaele, these shadows of his native country are most respectfully inscribed.

MARY STERNDALÉ.

Sheffield, 1824.



PREFACE.

IT has been generally admitted, that the inhabitants of mountainous regions feel a livelier attachment to their native home, than those who reside in more fertile and cultivated districts—and so it is. The Swiss stand foremost on the record—the Scotch follow closely in their local affections. The Arab of the Desert is identified with the land of his birth—and why it is so, those who have felt and cherished this love of country can readily say,

Why the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind them to their native country more.

Separated at *all* times by toilsome heights and extensive moors, and half the year by vapours, clouds and darkness, the intercourse of friends and neigh-

bours, the glow of hospitality, the spirit of social happiness, and the association of personal communication, exist with more ardency, and is displayed with more energy, than where refinement polishes manners, and complaisance supersedes feeling; and thus the social principle, from not being exhausted in daily intercourse with indifferents, gains strength and vigour from the interruption it is compelled to endure.

Confiding that the inhabitants of our English Apennines feel the same endearing sentiments towards their own Hills and Dales, their Moorlands and their Mountains, to them this little volume of Derbyshire Localities, written from personal feeling and observation, is offered.

To those who are not the children of its soil, such glimpses of their own England may be accepted; whilst to others who are far away from the White Isle of their birth, they may come over their souls like music in the night, awakening them to fond and

home recollections; they will feel, though the work be simple, the subject is elevated; that it is the first and last sentiment that enters into, and presides in the mind of man.

No where he thinks the sun so mildly gleams,
 As on the banks where first he drank its beams :
 So green no other mead, so smiles no other land !
 Where'er he wanders, his returning mind,
 Feels without it, e'en Paradise unblest—
 Oh be the boding true that swells his breast !
 To lay him in its lap, amidst his sires reclin'd !

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ASHFORD-IN-THE-WATER.

DURING a short autumnal visit, in 1822, amidst the sweetest and most sylvan part of the *Peak* of Derbyshire, the little village of Ashford-in-the-Water was not the least attractive: Possessing those requisites that adorn and accommodate a village residence—requisites that, whilst they contribute to the conveniences of its inhabitants, are pleasing to the eye of the traveller, and gratifying to the heart of humanity—a corn-mill, with its appendages of water-wheels and water-falls; an ancient church, with its grass-grown burial ground; a long-extended bridge, neat cottages, and a village green, with wood and

water interspersed, as its significant name denotes. Though placed at the extremity of one of the wildest of the dales, Demon's Dale, and in the vicinity of those mountain fractures, through which the Wye forces its rocky channel, it is cheerful, open, and airy; presenting amidst and aloof from its village houses, two or three of a superior order, the association of whose inhabitants must be of a higher nature.

But the gem of Ashford is yet untold. Passing the village on the Manchester road we enter a gently marked hollow way, bounded on the right by a steep orchard-slope, and on the left by a high wall over-hung with lofty trees, that skreen the roof and chimnies of a house apparently the residence of some of the gentry of the country, to which the close folding gates that open from the road present an access. If by favour or presump-

tion you pass their barrier, and proceed a hundred paces down a confined carriage way, you will arrive in line with the front of the house, and peep within the casket where lies the emerald treasure.

The house, "above a cot, below a seat," is not alone the property of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, but the occasional residence. It stands under the shadow of those lofty trees that exclude all objects but those they surround. The capacious bow-window of an oblong dining-room expands upon the gravel walk adjoining the soft green turf that almost imperceptibly slopes to the water's edge; not an artificial lake or forced fish-pool, but the sounding, sparkling Wye, that, with all the freshness of a mountain stream, with all the windings of its characteristic course, with all the beauty of its living waters, rushes through the sylvan domain.

Fronting the windows a light bridge unites the two savannas ; the opposite turf rising gradually to its extremity, is also bounded by its grove of trees, that skirts the extended bank. The lawn on each side the river is broken only by little patches of the choicest flowers, and the mould from whence they spring is covered with mignonette, whose rich perfume fills the sweet air with its fragrance, rising as incense to hallow this temple of the Floral, of the sylvan, of the lucid deities. The house is covered, from the base to the chimney's topmost ledge, with trellis ; and when the climbers begin to ascend, and the creepers to run, the passion-flower to sanctify, and the clematis to empurple, it will indeed become a perfect bower of beauty ; and it is a sweet reflection that he, who a prince in the palace of his forefathers, upon the banks of the Derwent, who is in posses-

sion of all that rank, and station can bestow, that wealth can give, and ambition desire, selects and adopts this rustic *bijou*, this *verd-unique*, this little fishing-house, on the banks of the winding Wye; which, after having run its race with mountain swiftness, through the sylvan hamlet of King's Sterndale, by the wild solitudes of Chee Torr, the rocky passes of Miller's Dale, the deep clefts of Cresbrook, and the fairy scenes of Monsal, wantons and sports beneath the eye of the Lord of Hartington, from whence its native waters spring, before it take its final way to the shining east, and mixes with the classic waves of Derwent.

There, perhaps, may the Duke of Devonshire look around, and say with complacent feelings subdued from the world; with the hereditary feelings of she who bore him, and whose memory he sanctifies: "Here is enough

for the heart of man, the rest is my country's and my forefathers' !" Perhaps, like the great statesman of Elizabeth, may, after he has passed the humble gates, take off his courtly robes, and say, " There lie, my Lord Chancellor !" and in sport, even as I did in thought, amplify comparison upon the sweet enchantment.

To Chatsworth, gorgeous Chatsworth, it is but a light trinket hung to a costly watch ; or a single blossom of the jasmine by the side of the imperial rose ; or a solitary star, sailing in the wake of the resplendent moon ; or the scent of the violet, that rises upon the air, which the perfumes of Arabia have exhausted ; or the song of the robin, after the full choirs of the groves had died away ; or the emerald light of the glow-worm shining upon the darkness that succeeded the blazing torches ; or the shepherd's pipe upon the

mountains, when the echoes of the brazen trumpets had ceased ; or the still small voice of grateful praise, when the pealing anthem, and the loud response no longer filled the cathedral's lofty arches :—it was all this, and more ; it was nature's lullaby from the tumult of the world ; the eye revelling in its beauty, and the mind reposing in its quietness, whilst its balmy sweetness pervaded the purest joy of sense, and all its green attractions, and its lucid animations, took captive the heart of woman, who saw in its combined delights the reflection of her primeval home.

HATHERSAGE.

In Doomsday-Book “ Heather-edge.”



INDUCED by the love of Derbyshire—love connected with the unanalyzed enjoyment of childhood, the conscious pleasures of youth, the remembrance of beloved friends, and an innate feeling for its peculiar scenery—I joined a lady and gentleman in a little pedestrian tour across the high moors, that rise westward of the south of Yorkshire, having never previously passed them but by the whirling rapidity of four wheels, upon the beaten road of public communication. To avoid egotism so circumstanced is impossible ; out out of respect to my readers, *I* will be as unobtrusive

as the relation will admit. It was a fine autumnal afternoon, early in October, that we entered upon "Flodden's high and heathery side," gradually ascending five miles from Sheffield, its beautiful vicinity presented to our ever-admiring and retrospective view. Two further miles of steeper ascent, brought us to the summit from whence the first sight of Southern Yorkshire is viewed by the traveller from the West; whilst all the hills of Derbyshire were seen before us, stretching themselves in horizontal lines, or rising in fantastic peaks; some obscured in the haziness of distance, others bright in the glow of afternoon. From this height a gentle descent leads to one of those bridges of a single arch, that so frequently occur upon these moors, thrown across the deep gullies that the winter torrents wear amidst the windings of the hills. The channel beneath was then dry, but its

stony bed was blanched by the summer's sun, that marked its course. We sat upon the low parapet to rest and to admire :—purple heath, golden furze, and emerald moss, covered the hollow space, whilst the brown hills rose, and encircled us on every side ; all was silence, uninterrupted by bird or beast, by the hushing of winds or the murmur of waters, and the intense solitude would almost have become painful, but from the consciousness that the rise of the next hill would restore us to our own world. We gained its summit, looking over a valley of nine or ten miles extent, at the termination of which the lofty head of Mam-Torr appeared, but upon a level with us, yet rising in maternal pre-eminence over all her surrounding children ; its shining front dark in its eastern aspect, whilst the intervening peaks were glowing in the radiance of the setting sun : the whole scene

bearing, as I have heard a travelled friend observe, a striking resemblance to the vicinity of Messina.

A winding descent of three miles leads to Hathersage, a village in the very bosom of the mountains. The church, a handsome and ancient edifice, standing upon a conical hill in its centre, and its taper spire presenting a beautiful object from the different openings of the hills, when no other denotes the proximity of social life. Its church-yard is the reputed burial place of the bow-bearer of Robin Hood; and as the birth-place of that bold and generous outlaw, has been almost ascertained to have been at Loxley (a wild district that is a continuation of this moorland continent), it is very probable that little John, so called, because he was the very reverse, was buried at Hathersage. Two ancient upright stones stand at the distance of twelve feet,

marking the place from whence the gigantic skeleton was inhumed, part of the bones being yet preserved within the church. From my chamber window, whose open sash admitted the full tide of Derbyshire air, a bold mountain presented its lofty sides, just nigh enough to become an intimate companion, just far enough, to form a picture for the painter's eye. Several little hollows, on its side were filled up with tufts of trees, principally ash, tinted with the changing season. From those small wooded recesses, the blue curling smoke arose progressively, as the inhabitants of the hidden dwellings, trimmed their morning fires, and all animated nature appeared in action. A distance of six miles divides Hathersage and Castleton, and fairy-land lies between them. Hope Dale seems the sport of nature, or rather the repose; as if, tired of rearing rocks, raising mountains, and extending heaths, she

spread out Hope Dale with all her sylvan graces, and drew the beautiful Derwent, the parent river of Derbyshire, through its soft domain, its amber waters flowing in ample breadth over its rocky pavement; and one of the most lively pleasures of this little walking tour was, that we could follow its windings and lounge upon its banks, that frequently presented their various coloured strata washed bare by the winter torrents, and fringed with the alder, the ash, and the mountain-ash, rich in orange berries, whilst the foliage of its more delicate relation was a tender yellow. No where does the Derwent appear so attractive in its course as here, not even within its graceful, bankless expanse at Chatsworth, or in its rocky vista at Matlock, as when bordered by the green meadows, then bright in autumnal verdure, of smiling Hope Dale. Thus led on, Castleton in all its rocky

cavernous grandeur appeared, and the sylvan graces—Dryads, Hamadryads, and Naiads vanished, yet so entirely had their association banished fatigue, that after having given the usual orders at the Inn, we began to ascend the mountain whereon the castle stands: the castle of the Peverils; a name that once overawed the dwellers of the Peak, with all the unrestrained power of feudal barbarism; and which, excepting a court of law, that may yet retain something of the power to alarm those within its jurisdiction, is the only relic of him whom the Norman William invested with almost regal sway in the heart of conquered Mercia. Fearing to look upwards, not daring to look below, we crept up the castle hill; one side of which is a perpendicular rock, at the base of which is the yawning mouth of the celebrated cavern; and upon the very brink of its summit, the decaying walls of the

castle. The opposite side of the mountain is equally steep, descending into a deep and narrow valley, formed by a similar ascent, wild, dark, and secluded, and separated from all human interest. The area of the castle occupies almost the whole space of the peninsular scite, which is joined to the neighbouring hills on the east, by an isthmus, on its level. A thousand feet beneath is Peak's-hole, with its hundred unknown caverns, unenlightened by day, and unexplored by man—yet, in the pride of his might, he raises a few stones upon their stupendous roofs, and calls himself lord of the Peak. Nearly eight hundred years have witnessed their gradual decay, and the almost total oblivion of the bold Baron, by whom it was reared; but a mighty mind has again raised the name of Pevenril of the Peak, and proves how omnipotent

it is, that can thus call spirits from the depths of time, and that calling, they will come.

The necessity of descending alone gave the courage to its attempt, yet the young mountaineers of the place climb the steep sides, run up the broken steps of the castle, and hang over its decayed walls, apparently insensible of the dizzy depth below.

Objects so well known as the cavern at Castleton, need not be spoken of. We had penetrated its furthest extent several times, and therefore only explored its capacious entrance. An elegant party was just descending the sloping rock at its extremity, and the ladies in their white dresses, with handkerchiefs folded on their heads, and tapers in their hands, following each other through the rocky chasm, as in processional array, presented an idea of cloistered nuns, whose rules

ordained them to descend from the cheerful light of day, to sepulchral penance. All that Castleton presents to the curious traveller, we had previously visited, but the ascent of the Winnets was one of the objects of our walk. Winnets is the provincial name, that is written Wind-yards: whether from the sinuous way, or that it is the opening by which the western blasts rush down with tempestuous force, is undecided. Its characteristics are very distinct from those of Middleton Dale, though both are winding rocky ways. The road in Middleton Dale is broad and firm, and the descent almost imperceptible; from its level the grey rocks rise boldly to their summit, which terminate in massy ramparts, upon which the ash waves its beautiful foliage, and upon whose ledges the golden stone-crop and the crimson ranunculus unite their roots and blossoms. A

clear stream of water takes its course at the foot of the rocks, sparkling and bubbling on one side of the road ; and the windings of the Dale is so gradual, as to present a beautiful changing vista through the whole course of two miles, from its entrance to its close. Very different was the aspect of the *via terrorium* we were entering, after having walked half a mile of level road from Castleton, Mam Torr directly in our front, and forming one side of the Winnets. The pathway is not broader than will admit two carriages to pass, and is inclosed by lofty mountains, the base of each seeming to cross each other, as if to interrupt the progress, broken by the peaked rocks of silver grey that start from their sides. Thus apparently obstructed, but still advancing, we wound along ; every dozen paces presenting a different appearance. No sky to be seen but that directly

above our heads, the zenith and boundary of our aerial view, and that was of the bluest blue. One moment there seemed to be no human beings but our three selves, the next shewed us one of our own species, like the samphire gatherer of Dover cliffs, hanging in the middle air, collecting the moss with which the upper regions of mountains were covered ; two patient asses waiting at their base, for the verdant burden. A few steps forward, and they were again shut out. The pass terminated in a wild and level country, over which we took one look, and retraced our steps down the Winnets. The difference of ascending and descending was strongly marked. The point of those rocks that almost rose above our sight as we went upwards, seemed on our return to lie beneath our feet. The last opening is superlatively fine ; two grand and pointed rocks forming its

side-screens, and admitting the sudden, and bursting sight of Hope Dale, with far distant views, "where the purple mountains lie," standing like the flaming swords of the seraphims at the gates of Paradise, and turning every way as you approach them. An elegant work entitled, "Peak Scenery," by Mr. Rhodes, of Sheffield, finely illustrated by the pencil of Chantry, contains a view of the entrance to the Winnets, and represents these particular rocks with striking effect; giving the very countenance of the country, along with their form and character. The declining day softened into twilight as we entered the village of Hope, and we fulfilled the promise we had made to ourselves in the morning, of entering its church on our return. Hope church stands on a gentle rise in the centre of the village, shaded by old trees, a few dark sycamores, and a grove of ash.

Sweetly soothing was the shadowy pile at the soft hour of twilight ! The solemn stillness was only interrupted by the sighing of the evening breeze amidst the surrounding foliage. After entering the middle aisle I found myself deserted by my companions, and in a few seconds, the sweet tones of the organ disclosed their retreat. Never was Handel more effective. Like the imaginary music of the spheres, it was invisible and heavenly ; it pervaded the comparative empty space of the sacred edifice, and its soft closes united with the gentle hushings of the wind amongst the trees. But the time pressed, and the enchantment must be broken ; we reached Hathersage in due time, and Poppy and Mandragora never produced such balmy rest as the gentle toil, and pleasing labour we had enjoyed, shed over our night's repose.

The following day was destined to the vic-

nity of Hathersage ; we rambled in its village street, and loitered in its elevated churchyard ; made acquaintance with its children, and talked with its peasantry. Extending our walk beyond the precincts of the village, and passing through two or three enclosures, the sudden turning of a projecting bank presented one of the loveliest scenes that was ever beheld. At the top of a fine circular meadow of the brightest green stood a low white house, white as the blanched snow, the meadow skirted by a gravelled path, that formed a sweeping terrace-walk above the banks of a trout-stream, that murmured as it flowed beneath the alders ; the back of the house was sheltered and shaded, and graced by a small hanging wood, a little beyond an Alpine bridge was thrown over a small cascade, that poured its sparkling waters into the stream below ; high above this cascade, this

wood, and this house, the mountains covered with brush-wood were rounded to the skies. On their opposite side bold rocks arose in savage grandeur, high as Derbyshire rocks could rear, taking a circular sweep that joined the rounder mountains, and enclosed at their feet, Brookfield. Hathersage, I have said, reposed in the bosom of the mountains; Brookfield, in their heart of hearts. One other habitation alone was to be seen in the ample area they enclosed, and that was a most singular building, standing upon an ascent at the foot of the rocks. Half an hour's walk brought us in approximation with its lofty tower, that was a perfect parallelogram, its roof and chimnies concealed by an embattled wall that rose above them. It stood amidst two or three pastures; hence its name of North Lees, and an orchard, dark with old fruit trees; so old it might have been

thought "they never had been young." There was a gloomy solitude around, the very reverse of Brookfield, and we concluded the place to be uninhabited; but as we were retreating, a man appeared at the door, which he locked, and was departing by a different direction. When he observed us, there was a civility in his countenance that encouraged us to express our wishes to view the interior of the building, which he readily complied with; assuring us, as he unlocked the entrance, "it was well worth our curiosity." The house, or tower, or hall, the latter of which it was called, contained four apartments only, the whole of the ground plot being taken up by the first, and the others rising one over the other to the roof, the ascent to which was by a stair way of bare stone walls, the steps of solid blocks of oak winding round a stone pillar, and which was

appended to the square building. The lower room had been the principal apartment. A redundancy of ancient plaister-work adorned its ceiling, and formed Latin sentences over its large and numerous windows, that occupied every side but that of the capacious fireplace; appearing to have been one of those dwellings which Lord Bacon observed had no refuge from the sun; but this cause of complaint no longer existed, for all the windows were darkened but one. The view from the level roof was very striking, diminishing by its height every object below to fairy littleness. Our civil and assiduous guide appeared versed in legendary lore, and justified what I had frequently observed—the intellectual acquirements of the Derbyshire rustics. “Yonder little ruin that you see to the left,” said he, “just below, almost hid by the ash-trees, was a Romish chapel dedicated to the

Holy Trinity ; and that snug white house further down is Brookfield, where, many years since, the vicar of Hathersage lived ; a man that had no more guile in him than a new fallen lamb." He then pointed out as objects of great interest three different-sized outlines of the human foot deeply indented in the lead roof ; " They were made " said he, " by a gentleman who came here annually for several years, and brought his two young sons with him ; he told me he was the nearest relation to those that built the house, though he did not heir it. The last time he came, he said, perhaps his sons would never see it again, for they were going to the East-Indies. Somehow or other I always feel sorry when I think of them, though I never knew their names." As we descended, every separate stair presenting a crevice through which the depths beneath appeared, he added, " But I

must get you to turn into the room below again; there is one thing I forgot to shew you. You seem to be taken with this place, and to know something about the country; did you ever hear of a Mr. Cunningham, a clergyman? He used to come here often, and he made one remark upon the ceiling that nobody else ever did." We re-entered the room, and he pointed out, amidst the dilapidated plaister-work, a repetition of what the early pupils in writing would call "three strait strokes," alternately placed along with a circle; observing that "Mr. Cunningham explained it as referring to the Trinity, the mighty Three in One, which, like the circle, was without beginning and without end, and to whom the domestic chapel was dedicated. He used," continued he, "to take great delight in this old place, and to bring his books, and make his verses here."

“ And pretty verses they were,” I said, using the medwise word, more to suit the idea of my auditor’s comprehension, than my own appreciation. “ Pretty !” retorted he, with somewhat of a reproachful accent, “ they were lofty ;” and to my surprise repeated some lines from an ode to Lord Rodney, and spoke with admiration of another to Chatsworth ; yet the appearance of the man was nothing more than that of a rustic, his wife and children were in the harvest-field to which he was bound ; yet, with genuine good manners, never appearing to feel that we were encroaching on the sunshine of his day, he spoke in the strongly marked provincialism of his country, and it was the matter, more than the manner, by which he was distinguished. We had intruded into his house, and taken up his time, and we felt an acknowledgment was due. He did not appear to

think the same, for, on our indication to make some remuneration, he said, " Surely a man might show a little common civility without looking to be paid," and hastily wished us " good day." I have disavowed egotism, but the feelings this morning excited were imperative. Brookfield, when its master was the guileless pastor alluded to, was the occasional home of my earliest childhood, well remembered with all the tenacity of a child's memory. *North Lees Hall* was then the scene where every sprite, or fairy, or spectre that rose from the dead, if they appeared at all, were to be seen ; and Mr. *Cunningham* had been the friend of my youth, to whose elegant muse, and enlightened conversation I had often been the delighted auditor ; and the whole scene was sanctified by the remembrance of the dead, and the tender recollection of departed pleasures. On our return,

we passed the house and chapel of the Catholic Priest; the latter denoted by a large cross of Derbyshire marble, built up in its gable wall. A gravel walk led to the house, and a parterre on each side was full of all the autumnal flowers in gorgeous colourings, a fine hedge of lavender dividing it from an adjoining field; a venerable figure was standing within its inclosure, with a large open book in his hand; he was bare-headed, and was wrapped in a long brown vest; and as we looked upon his flowers, advanced to meet us, invited us within the gates, desired us to gather his flowers, shewed us the interior of his chapel and his garden, the reservoir of water he had made there for the preservation of fish, and the large stone basin into which its superfluity was conducted, and from whence he permitted the good women of the village to fill their tea-kettles, “because,”

he said : “ there is no water else that makes such good tea, besides its being more wholesome.” Not any benediction the good man might have bestowed upon the hallowed element in his chapel, could have rendered it more “ holy ” in my estimation than did this benevolent dispensation. From the garden he took us into his house, where we found a neat little refreshment, to which he so gaily pressed, and smiled, that we unhesitatingly accepted his truly hospitable fare. It was well he did not try to persuade us to become good Catholics, for his manners and address were irresistible. Many vestiges of the ancient religion appear at Hathersage. The little ruined chapel at North Lees ; another that is seen to the right, on the road to Hope, in the opening of the hills ; the one we had recently visited, and the added memorials of an ancient and highly respectable Roman

Catholic family in the chancel of the church, who had once possessed great property around Hathersage, bespoke its prevalence there, even long after the Reformation. Our return gave a different appearance to the same objects. We ascended the steep hill of three miles measurement from Hathersage, and regained the high level of the Moors, when, in the shades of evening, their unvaried surface spread far away on every side, and uniting with the grey horizon, presented a scene like that of a tranquil sea, its waving billows sunk to rest, and the curtains of the sky drawn around its soft repose.

MONSAL DALE.

To those who know it not, no words can paint,
And those who know it, know all words are faint.

EVERY visitor to Derbyshire has seen Monsal Dale : they all make it the rallying point of their admiration, and dwell with delighted recollection upon the sweet surprise its sudden appearance occasioned, as they were passing the high level between Ashford-in-the-Water and Wardlow ; from whence it appears to lie far below them, and the concerns of this world—presenting one of its own, combined of all the loveliest attributes of nature. The Wye seems to have changed its

characteristics under the influence of this sylvan vale, and no longer foams over a rocky channel, or forces its way through narrow defiles, but expands its glossy surface to the smooth banks of the beautiful meadow-land, that divide it from the base of the mountain. Two or three rustic dwellings, in perfect harmony with the scene, diversify the level of the valley ; they are shaded by the finest Ash trees that grow in Derbyshire, whilst their descendants grace the rising hills in little groups, or single trees, and throw their shadows on the bright green turf from whence they spring ; the mountains rising above them, from which the rocks start in light pinnacles, or rounded turrets ; the shining Ivy, at all seasons of the year, decking their silver sides with its ever-green beauty. The river, after having spread itself in beautiful expanse, winds eastward out of the Dale, its termina-

tion hid by the projecting headland. Across the broadest part of the river, the very sort of bridge that unites with the features of the scene communicates with the opposite bank ; large blocks of native marble, tagged together by their own inequalities, through the apertures of which the water glides, their surface blanched by the sun, and polished by the frequent overflow of the rapid stream ; their little hollows and interstices covered with moss of the greenest hue, and the impetuous Wye, even there, in its chosen repose, fretting and bubbling around them, as if to resent its interruption. In the provincialism of the country, these stones are called lepping (leaping) stones, thirty-two of which form this rustic bridge. The sweet solitude of this valley, this Derbyshire Tempe, has no gloomy abstraction. A fine road leads down the side of the mountain, and continues along the Dale,

meeting the course of the river ; few would choose to descend its steep declivity in a Carriage, but no one would regret alighting, to walk with such objects around. The most seducing quietness pervades the soft domain ; the water steals along so gently, that scarce a murmur meets the ear ; the birds select it for their early nests ; the lambs sport upon its narrow sheltered meadows ; in its bright waters the heavy fleeces of their dams are washed, and upon the banks, one who loves the calm and quiet recreation, that in which old Isaac Walton most delighted, may there be seen in solitary enjoyment. I cannot imagine that any stranger, who first surveys the pastoral beauty of Monsal Dale from the heights above its deep yet smiling seclusion, but feels a passing thought, if not a wish, to become its resident ; for there the fury passions of mankind, “the vultures of the mind,” sink

to rest, and the all gentler ones are soothed to balmy happiness; there it would seem that Hatred should cease its malignity, and Pride its folly, and Ambition its aspirations; feeling that all it had hitherto considered great was, when compared with the majesty of nature and the soft joys of rural repose, but little; whilst Love would erect its temple in Monsal Dale, and Contemplation think down hours to minutes, and mark them all for wisdom.

After descending the long circuitous hill, in which is the quarry of black marble, wrought and polished at Ashford, and passing beneath the shadowy trees, that form a second roof to the few cottages, the Dale narrows, the water is contracted between deeper banks, the hills draw closer together, and Monsal Dale verges upon, and terminates in Cresbrook Dale, the clear mountain stream stealing over the soft bed of verdure from

which it takes its name, to join the Wye. The whole scene becomes more wild, the bases of the mountains are composed of loose shingles, but amongst which, long branches, that bear a single white rose of peculiar beauty, intersect themselves, and embroider their stony bed. The Jack-daws wheel around the rocks, and the Ravens build their nests amongst them.

A lofty promontory divides the course of the two streams ; at their junction stands a Cotton mill ! But as Monsal *Dale* remains sacred, we will not quarrel with Cresbrook *Mill*. The building is large and handsome in all its parts ; and I have seen it under circumstances when imagination might be enlisted under the banners of science, for science is a concomitant of Cresbrook. When darkness pervades the Dale, and the innumerable large windows are lighted up, not even the outline of the buildings to be traced

against the dark mountains, it might be thought to be an illumined palace raised by the power of magic ; whilst the abruptness of its appearance on the first entrance to the Dale, and the sudden glimpses caught through the openings of the Hills, would lead to the expectation that its existence was as transitory as its appearance.

Two or three hundred children are employed at Cresbrook, and reside in the spacious buildings adjoining. The first feeling this consciousness awakens is compassion, that so many human beings, at that tender age when all the fond affections are first implanted, should be separated from their natural connexions, and thrown upon strangers, to whom they can have no other claim, or who feel no other tie towards them, than that of interest ; but an acquaintance with this large, and well-organized family, will

soften those feelings, and rectify their erroneous conclusions.

No picture can be more sweet than the domestic enjoyments of a happy home ; a peaceful hearth surrounded by affectionate parents, and dutiful children, supported by virtuous industry ; but whilst human nature is what we know it to be, and evil permitted to exist on earth, the consequences of vice deface this beautiful picture, and paint its own horrid features on the canvass. Children abandoned by the profligacy of their parents, unfortunate orphans, “ born to misery and baptized in tears,” heirs to all the melancholy train of guilt that sin has brought into the world, are thrown upon their country ; but from utter destruction they are in some measure redeemed by its charitable institutions, and judicious regulations ; by the latter these children are relieved, not only with food and

raiment, but with all the comforts and decencies of humanity; and if the good seed sown in their minds happily takes root, a merciful God may, and we trust will, withhold the malediction of visiting upon the children the sins of their fathers. At Cresbrook-mill constant and regular industry is enforced, but no unnatural labour. Their hours of work and necessary relaxation are kindly and judiciously arranged; the former never exceeding what ought to be exacted from those in their station of life and of their tender age; their food is of the best quality, and amply dispensed; they have eight hours uninterrupted sleep, in comfortable beds and airy rooms; the utmost decorum is maintained between the boys and girls; but if a brother and sister be amongst the number, the affectionate relationship is kindly encouraged; the relatives of the children are allowed to come to the House, where

they are hospitably entertained, and permitted to remain a suitable time, according to their own behaviour, and the distance from whence they came ; personal cleanliness is inculcated and enforced with the most scrupulous attention. On particular Festivals, and in fine weather, the children attend Tideswell Church, the distance of three miles ; but in Winter they have a Sunday-school, and the service of the Church of England read to them, in one of their large rooms ; the boys and girls having each separate apartments,—such are their duties. I must now speak of their pleasures, for pleasures they have, varied and suited to their age, situation, and capacity. Little gardens, twelve feet square and eight wide, bordered with the silver-edged thyme, and crowded with pinks, wall-flowers, and sweet-williams, cover the banks of the Wye around the mill ; which, though the winter

torrents frequently inundate, the spirit of voluntary industry and early enterprize, is thereby awakened to restore. Side by side, these little flowery plots remind the spectator of the Church-yards in North Wales, where the rural graves are so formed and so decorated. The girls sit upon the banks, working *at will* with their needles, or wander within their boundaries in the dale ; and as they only wear bonnets at church, they gather the large water-dock leaf, that, supported by its long stem, forms a verdant parasol, shading many a pleasant, youthful, and happy face, and presenting a picture, novel as it is pleasing. But their highest species of enjoyment, the highest that man can enjoy, is music ; this delightfully intellectual source of pleasure is improved, encouraged, and scientifically taught at Cresbrook. Every boy that has a

voice, an ear, or a finger capable of participating in the Heavenly science, receives elementary, and practical instruction ; and amidst the cotton-spinners of Cresbrook, the outcasts from parental care, the orphans of humanity, the hallelujahs of Handel fill the valley, and I trust rise with acceptable melody to Heaven. There is also a tenderness of feeling displayed in its arrangement, not to be passed over ; a gallery has been appropriated as an Orchestra, so that the liberty of the younger children might not be invaded by the restraint that must have been necessarily imposed, or the study and practice of the young musicians interrupted by the gambols of their companions. The girls do not learn music, for reasons highly creditable to the judgment and decorum that accompany the whole system, that of keeping the boys and girls separate ;

but their room being above that of the boys, the sweet sounds ascend, and they participate in the harmony. I can scarcely imagine anything more striking than what must have occurred, and what may often re-occur to a benighted traveller, crossing the wild way from Tideswell, that overhangs the deep and rocky channel of the Wye, as he descends into this apparently lone vale, to have the dark silence interrupted by a chorus of sweet and youthful voices, in all the harmony of scientific precision, accompanied by the rich notes of the viol, breaking upon his ear in the words of "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing," the hymn that closes the musical exercises of the young choristers. The whole economy of the mill is arranged and directed by the Mr. Newtons; and this fine establishment, this glory of a commercial nation, has

been consummated in the space of twelve years; preceding which time I remember the original house, around which all the appended buildings have sprung, and which is yet the habitation of Mr. Newton, “a lone and lowly dwelling ’mid the hills, by a grey mountain stream.” The Penates of the household are Mrs. and Miss Newton, with a most active coadjutor, to whom exertion, order, and subordination, are familiar, having accompanied her husband through the whole of the Peninsula war, and who, like every other great commander, rules with a steady, firm, but gentle rein. Amidst the domestic deities of the place, there is one whom it would be sacrilege to omit—the sister of Mrs. Newton, Aunt Nancy; aunt to every individual, who either resides in or visits at Cresbrook, if Aunt means one who, without actually being a mother, pos-

sesses all the endearing attributes, and performs all the duties of one ; who passes all the day, and day after day, in providing for, and anticipating the wants of others ; who is all kindness, compassion, gentleness ; who though, like the Speaker at St. Stephen's Chapel, may not call to order, yet is the general moderator. Such is the Aunt Nancy of Cresbrook. Several erections have been added at different times to the first establishment : the last advances close to the edge of the water, where a fine lake is formed amidst the circular rocks, a little above the Mill. This building is a well-imagined gothic ; the curtain that divides the two towers is the music gallery, to which a flight of steps ascend from the boys' eating-room. A few years will render this building more impressive ; its peculiar situation giving

to it those tints, and clothing it with that minute vegetation; that will soften its present obtrusive freshness. It contains the sleeping-rooms of the children over their eating-rooms, that a long gallery divides on each story. At its extremity is a gothic window. Burke defines sublimity to consist in height and length—which these galleries possess, with just that softened degree of light, that one window is formed to dispense. Though the same effect may not altogether be produced upon the minds of its peculiar inmates; though they cannot compare its soft suffusion with the dim religious light of monastic cloisters, or the long withdrawing aisles of the lofty cathedral; yet even they will not be wholly insensible to external order and beauty, and will become, imperceptible to the cause, humanized under

the effect of their pervading influence. As I have ever considered persons pre-eminent to places, and the features of the human mind of grander interest than the features of inanimate nature, however grand they may be, I make no apology for peopling Cresbrook Dale with its actual inhabitants; for adding an existing figure even to the scanty boundaries of a vignette. The contemplation of such an establishment is most honourable to those who are its proprietors, and to those who preside over its prosperity and its comforts; whilst it may confirm the belief that all cotton mills are not the scenes of unnatural labour or harsh severity. Mr. Newton is already known through the medium of Miss Seward, as "The Minstrel of the Peak," and, in the present times, by Rank and Talents Cresbrook is not unknown. He, who is the pride of Derby.

shire, with that graciousness so peculiar to himself, has deigned to visit, and approve the establishment there; and the son of its soil, the Canova of England, has left a memorial of his pencil beneath its lowly roof, that will perpetuate the mild countenance and features of Mr. Newton as long as it is preserved, not less valued as a testimony of respect, than cherished as a faithful and spirited resemblance.

WARDLOW MEEERS.

“ Harden ye may, but never humanize.”

W. NEWTON.

EMERGING from Middleton Dale, whose winding defile had excluded all objects but the sky overhead, and the rock-crowned mountains on each side, whose broad bases extending athwart the vale appeared to cross its way, and impede the progress, a fine expanse of country is presented, from whence the pure breath of heaven comes fresh as the ocean gale; the heathy moorland stretched far and wide around, and bounded in the distance by blue and misty mountains. To the left the turfy hill ascends gradually to that

unbroken line above, called Longstone Edge, that intervenes between Longstone and Has-sop, stretching its upland line to the little alpine village of Wardlow, where house rising over house, interspersed with fine old trees, skirts on each side the highway to Bakewell; leaving to the right the loftier mountain of Wardlow Heys, that towers above the amphitheatrical village, the steep sides of which, neither tree, or house, or human being diversifies. The opposite hills, on the right of the Dale Head, shelters at their base the *little* towns of Hucklow, Foolow, and Eyam, softened and adorned by those beautiful ash trees, that seem to enjoy their own beauty and existence in Derbyshire. Upon their level, but more advanced towards the highway, stood the house of Captain Carleil; a modest mansion, such as was inhabited by the gentry of England in the sixteenth cen-

tury. Exposed as its situation appeared, yet all the warm comforts were found within : its accommodations were like the characters of its owners—substantial, unpretending, and uniform. At Broster Field, the friend, the visitor, and the wanderer found affection, hospitality, and relief. A few fine old trees shaded its low white front, but the handsome offices adjoining, and the neatness by which the House and lawn were distinguished, evinced the station and habits of life of its very genteel and most respectable inhabitants. The ærial ridge above, strongly marked upon the clear boundary by the tall cupola chimney of a smelting mill, whose light pinnacles are frequently so picturesque in Derbyshire, was the only object that broke the horizontal line that extended to the far off distance, terminated by Mam Tor, the mother of mountains, dimly seen except when the morning sun enlightens

its bold and slaty front—such were the barriers of the open plain we entered upon ; an excellent carriage road-descending almost imperceptibly a mile in extent, leading to Wardlow toll bar-house, and one other adjoining ; their whitened walls cheering the sombre brown and green by which they were surrounded, and reposing, at the foot of the steep hill, upon the ascent of which the village of Wardlow commences. The toll-bar seeming to unite these “ two or three ” inhabitants with the distant world. The rapid Mail-coach, the creeping Waggon, and the rattling Post-boy leaving their accounts of the more busy scenes through which they pass, for the wonder or condemnation of their humble inmates. From this point the firm high road in front ascends two miles toward Tideswell ; but a deep valley opens immediately on the left of the

Bar, and winds its narrow way between the hills, marked by a rivulet of the purest water, that falls into Cresbrook at its termination. At the entrance of the valley, before its opening recedes between the hills, stands a rock of singular form and appearance ; its base completely insulated and severed from any surrounding object ; it is of considerable height and circumference, and rises perpendicularly on all sides ; its top is level and covered with verdure, from the centre of which a second rock arises, with a circular base considerably less, that terminates in a lofty dome : the whole appearing in the distance like a Church in a wilderness, which, if unenclosed by higher objects, would seem of far greater height and magnitude ; but what is lost in individual grandeur, is gained in local solemnity ; the hills appear to recede for its sanctuary and

to aspire for its gaurd ; the sun shines not on its dark grey sides ; no trees wave their boughs around ; the wild herbage on its lower summit is never cropt by beast, or trodden by man ; but in solitary majesty it seems to say, “I am, and there is none beside me !” This object, so striking in effect, united with the surrounding scenery, was the prospect from Broster Field, the house of Captain Carleill, situated a little above Wardlow Myers, the abode of old English hospitality in all its genuine grace and virtue. Were it possible not to regret the extinction of such an abode, and that of its most amiable inhabitants, it would be when we look upon the local change that has arisen, where it seems as though the genius of horror and desolation had marked the once happy domain, and its admired prospect with the most awful ravages. The house of

Captain Carleill is levelled with the turf, and the valley of the rock is stained by the most frightful recollections: crime has breathed a darkened horror upon its guiltless surface, and banished contemplation from its peaceful haunts. Never could the infamy of that crime have been obliterated, though its abhorred memorial had not existed—a memorial that wounds the innocent alone (the guilty feel it not); that offends the eye of man, and “defiles” the works of God. From amidst clouds and thick darkness the Almighty gave his canon against murder; and he also said, through his servant Moses, “And if a man has committed a trespass worthy of death, and he be to be put to death, and thou hang him on a tree, his body shall not remain all night on the tree, but thou shalt in any wise bury him that day, that thy land be not defiled, which

the Lord thy God hath given thee for an inheritance."—Deut. xxi. verse 22, 23.

In defiance of the express word of God, and in outrage of the best feelings of man, that tree yet stands in all its vengeance amidst the scenery I have attempted to describe. Would that the blast of the desert might lay it low ! or the flash of the thunder cloud level it with the dust, beneath which the remains of the wicked, as of the weary, are ordained to rest.

TIDESWELL CHURCH.



THE church of Tideswell is a solitary proof that the now dilapidated and deserted place was once preeminent in the county of Derby, and an existing monument of that style of architecture of which it is so beautiful, and so noble a specimen. That Tideswell was held in parochial estimation at a very early period of our history, there is more than presumptive evidence ; through the influence and example of Ethelflida, daughter of Alfred, Christianity gained more proselytes in Mercia than in any other kingdom of the Heptarchy ; consequently a *situation* like that of Tideswell, which can scarcely be ex-

ceeded by any other in the Peak of Derby, would be selected for the building of its temples, and the residence of its converts. On the first propagation of the Christian religion by Saint Augustin, crosses were erected upon those places where he assembled its votaries, until churches could be built, or the ancient temples of the Saxons converted to their holy service. Upon the summit of a hill, immediately above Tideswell, that has been called from time immemorial Summer Cross, a stone of the rudest workmanship is bedded, and almost hidden in the earth: it has a deep socket that appears to have been formed for the insertion of an upright shaft or pillar. A situation so elevated might have been chosen for the opportunity of making signals to those who were assembling. In a country so bleak, the people could only be expected

to attend in the summer season ; when the sky was the roof of their Temple, and the Cross the Altar of their sanctuary : hence I have presumed upon the hypothetical designation of Summer Cross. The shelter of the pleasant valley below, with the chrystal springs by which it is refreshed, would naturally lead the devotees of the new religion to establish themselves in so pleasant an heritage, within the vicinity of the hallowed symbol of their newly adopted faith. About the middle of the seventh century Lichfield Cathedral was founded, and was the mother church of all others within her diocese or parochia ; the few parish churches then existing were but considered as chapels of ease to that more stately temple, probably built of wood, or the rudest materials, as all the early Saxon churches were. During the reigns of Alfred and his successors, religion and the

arts were progressively improving; but sometime before the close of the Saxon dynasty, William of Malmsbury observes, "that the people had fallen from the virtue, religion, and learning of the more immediate ancestors of their great Alfred; that their moral characters were very much reduced; their mode of living was become indolent, but luxurious, and their habitations mean." The Normans were the very reverse—abstemious and delicate in their diet, and orderly in their habits, but ostentatious in their dress and houses, their public and private buildings; they endeavoured to restore religion to its former dignity, built churches and monasteries in the most sumptuous manner, and in some measure repaired to the Saxons the appropriation of their lands, by improving and adorning the country they had invaded. Henry the Second was the first of

the Norman line, who united beauty and elegance with the cumbrous magnitude of Saxon and Norman architecture : but it was in the thirteenth century that its high reputation was established, gradually arising to that ultimate perfection presented in the beautiful chapel of the Seventh Henry at Westminster ; the heavy round arch yielding to the graceful lancet shape, the massy unbroken pillar to the slender shafts, that like clustered reeds are bound together by the most delicate foliage, and the large Eastern windows diversified by the ramifications of stone tracery in all its variety ; whilst niches, and canopies, and crockets without, and skreens and pendants within, completed the exquisite early English architecture of that period. At the commencement of the fourteenth century I should believe Tideswell Church to have been built : probably, from

its yet existing evidences, collegiate to its diocesan Lichfield; it is dedicated to St. John; and its annual festival is that of its patronymic saint. It has a fine western Tower, surmounted by four octangular turrets, terminating in light spires, and intersected by crockets. A deep porch on the south contains a winding stair up a round tower, that leads to the upper battlements; the buttresses are enriched with niches surmounted by their canopies and crockets; and over the fine East window the sacred symbol of Christianity yet maintains its station. The Chancel is evidently of later date, and that it should be so was no unusual circumstance; the magnificent designs of the proud Normans frequently exceeded either their immediate supplies, or even the life time of their founders; thus they began at the east end of the Choir, which, when completed, admitted

the performance of divine service, whilst the other parts, the Tower, the Lanthorn, and the chancel, were finished as their means and the time allowed : but it was the enthusiasm of the people that greatly contributed to produce such structures : the religion they professed impressing the belief, that the very labour of the hand, for such a purpose, would ensure the saving of the soul. Every man was impelled by the *spirit* of the crusades, where religion was concerned ; though his station or occupation was in no wise connected with its *warfare*.

At this period it may be concluded, that the inhabitants of Tideswell and its vicinity would, like their church, be of great local importance ; for either their residing influence contributed to the erection of the Edifice, or its completion drew the opulent gentry around it, and contiguous places evidently

derived their names from its proximity. Thus *Litton* was the little town adjoining the larger one, Weston, the town west of Tideswell. At the former place, a family of note, of the name of Litton, resided at their Hall as early as the reign of Henry the Third; and Sir Robert Litton was under-treasurer of England under Henry the Sixth. Litton Hall was sold by Rowland Litton, Esq., 1597; their arms ermine, Or, a chief indented argent, three ducal coronets, Or, Crest a Bittern among reeds, Proper. Part of the old building remains, occupied by a cottager; and houses of a much later date, bearing the marks of former gentility, are, with their owners, fallen into absolute decay. The *little* town is pleasantly situated one mile above Tideswell, sheltered by higher ground, but is deficient in the blessings of the valley; those living waters that, from their

hundred hidden springs, flow down its parent town. Weston is similarly situated, one mile from Tideswell, on the opposite side. Many fine old trees mark what a pleasant abiding place it must have been. An ancient cross, of more than common elegance of design, sanctifies Weston; it stands in a small enclosure below the mansion-house, a commodious and handsome dwelling, apparently erected in the beginning of the seventeenth century; but no other vestige remains of its more early inhabitants. The interior of Tideswell church is of remarkable elegance and beauty, possessing a nave, with two side aisles, a north and south transept, and a spacious chancel, lighted by nine windows; on each side is a row of stalls, in the form of those at York Minster; a few remnants of carved work yet adhere to them;

a shelving seat within the stalls, called miseries, kept the monks and friars in a posture between standing and sitting, and took their name from the uncomfortable and tantalizing accommodation they supplied: the board was so contrived, that it could be made a firm horizontal seat when such an indulgence was allowed. A curious stone Pulpit, on the north side of the nave, is an immovable testimony of having been a part of the original structure; but, as if in determination to degrade the beauty of the longitudinal view, a most impertinent gallery, of modern erection, is made to rest upon it. The slender piers and lofty arches, that in three-fold grace spring from them, are of exquisite proportion, unspoiled by galleries, rising in their primeval beauty from the lettered floor to the lofty roof. The tabernacle work, that is broken and strewed around in the neglected

transepts, evince how richly the stalls, chapels, and skreens, were once ornamented. In a corner of the north transept is an ancient font, of heptagonal form, its circular basin corroborating the early practice of the immersion of the whole body of an infant in baptism; it is now regularly used by the workpeople to mix their colours in, when they *beautify* the church with blue and mahogany paint. The south transepts contain the vault of the Statham family, a loyal knight, who resided in Tideswell in Elizabeth's reign: their hatchments and armorial bearings appear in various devices around. The vault of the Beeches, of Shaw, in Staffordshire, natives of Tideswell, the access to which is open. The coffin lid of the last who was there interred has a sliding board, beneath which, a plate of glass displays what would have appalled the

stoutest heart in Udolpho, the countenance of the poor remains within. In the extreme corner of the same transept, hid by the sides of a dilapidated pew, and covered with dust, cobwebs, and the splashings of the white-washer, are two recumbent figures, in alabaster, whose names, as handed down by traditional evidence, are "Sir Thirlstone a Bower," and his lady: though mutilated by ill-usage and neglect, their remains are worth the notice and preservation of the antiquary. The spurs indicate the knighthood of the male figure, and the regalia the rank of the lady: for at that period degree and station was designated by dress. Mr. Dallaway observes, that "so essentially was honour constituted by armorial distinctions, that men of every rank under the sovereign esteemed the title of "scutifee, armiger or esquire," as previously necessary to all others

and the collar of S. S., allusive to that name, as an ornament of "high dignity." This distinguishing collar is worn by Sir Thirlstone a Bower; the period in which he lived may also be deduced from what follows: Mr. Dallaway adds, that "this degree of estimation was first instituted by Henry the Second, in 1159, and did not cease till the reign of the fourth Edward." The total neglect and utter disregard in which these figures now remain, affords a melancholy proof, how vain is the desire of mortality to extend itself beyond its natural existence, and how impotent its power to reverse the decrees of Him who has said that "Man shall go down to the dust, and be no more seen." Sententious as this is, yet were I the vicar, churchwarden, or scutifee, if such a degree remains there, of Tideswell, I would place Sir Thirlstone a Bower and his lady in de-

cent order in the Chancel, along with their contemporaries. Perhaps they were amongst the first benefactors of that church, which now, scantily filled as it is, scarcely allows their memorials a corner to rest in. "Thirl" is the Saxon word, to pierce, to force an aperture: this gallant knight might have forced the very stones of the rocky country into the service of religion, or domestic convenience, and graced his residence by planting the spreading ash around it: hence "Thirlstone of the Bower" Local names are frequently the only means by which events and circumstances can be even speculated upon. The monuments of Hugh Meveril and Bishop Purslove were magnificent in their day: both were benefactors to the town of Tideswell, they occupy the area of the chancel. Tideswell church possessed a noble organ, the large pipes of which were re-

moved to Lichfield ; and so lightly does the mother church regard this her beautiful offspring, that report, I trust misrepresentation, has asserted it has been in contemplation to apply its valuable roof of lead to the funds of Lichfield Cathedral, and substitute one of slate in its place ; such an unmotherly act I cannot believe will be committed. Indifference and insensibility have suffered the decorations and designations of this fine edifice to fall into decay—a species of destruction fatal in its ultimate effects as the ravages of the Goths and Vandals ; the building of such churches was a matchless proof of high devotion that is now waxed cold ; and their neglect of them is a reproach upon posterity, that ought most sacredly to be avoided. Forsyth says, in his views of Rome, “ The Catholic religion is a friend, though an interested one, to the fine arts ; it rejects

nothing that is old or beautiful ; had ancient Rome fallen into the hands of gloomy Presbyterians, we should now look in vain for the more sacred parts of its ruins ; their inoelast zeal would have confounded beauty with idolatry, for the pleasure of demolishing both ; they would have destroyed the temple and preached in a barn—the Catholics let the temple stand, and gloried in its conversion to Christianity.”

On the south side of the church-yard, under the high cliff below Litton, an old oratory, or chapel, was standing some very few years ago, of more early erection than the Church. It was a very curious relic of ancient architecture, and full of the quaint devices of the early times ; its walls were a yard thick, of limestone, supported by buttresses that would have kept their station, if unmolested, as long as the rocks from

whence they were taken. But I will give the relation I have received from one who resided within its ancient walls, as best suited to the subject ; one who was of consideration in the better days of Tidewell ; the venerable superstition attaching to it, in no wise indicating either a vulgar or illiterate mind, for it was the old instinct that still outlived the faith of reason. “ It was said to have been built in King John’s days, who made this town a market by his charter, dated the first of his reign, and granted it to Meveril, who was lord of the fee ; it afterwards belonged to the Foljambes, and then to the Allens, and lastly to the Middletons, who sold the same to Colonel Gisburne. My sister Middleton, who lived in the house, says, when the kitchen was new paved, many human bones were found ; and that a very curious stone basin, supposed to be for the holy water,

was broken up for sand by a servant-maid; that an arched passage went through the house, with a door at each end, and that against the death of any of the family there were always heard voices singing psalms in the ancient tongue; that the voices passed through the arch-way, and continued singing very sweetly till they reached the church-porch, when the sounds died away; affirming she herself heard them a few days before her husband's death, Mr. Allen Middleton, who died in 1746; also that a picture of one of the Allens always slid from its frame previous to the death of any one of the family."

The lovers of antiquity, of harmony, and of the wonderful, must all regret that the old oratory was taken down. Many very respectable houses, of a much later date, are now fallen to decay, or occupied for the meanest purposes. The father of the cele-

brated Lord Chesterfield resided at Tideswell ; the Beeches, who afterwards went to reside upon their estates at Shaw, in Staffordshire, and several of the descendants of Sir John Statham, with many others, their contemporaries and equals ; but now its glory is departed, and its people are gone ; the stately church yet stands, a temple in the wilderness, a monument of ancient days ; the brooks that flow through the vallies never fail ; the roads are improved, and the Lord of its manor, is the pride of its country ; a little encouragement, a little support might redeem, though it could never restore its former aristocratical distinctions. The exhausted riches of the mines, its natural source of wealth ; and the fluctuating state of foreign trade, its artificial means of prosperity, have contributed to its present de-

gradation; under these circumstances, moral example is diminished, and wholesome authority interrupted; and the consequent results, are such as the existing state of Tideswell present.

CHEE TORR.



THE course of the Wye, the most romantic flow of water in Derbyshire, is no where so strongly marked by the wild characteristics of the country, as beneath Chee Torr, four miles from its source, near Buxton ; an immense mass of lime-stone rock, three hundred and sixty feet perpendicular from the river, presenting its awful front, like a half-moon battery, that only the hand of the mighty Engineer who holds the golden compasses could raise. The rocks in front rest upon a grassy elevation that rises gradually from the Wye ; they take a concave sweep through the semicircular valley, answering to the bold

projection of Chee Torr ; between its rocky surface and the water there is not a footstep intervenes ; from its base to its summit, there is no lodgment for verdure or apparent shelter for bird ; the solemn silence of the valley is only interrupted by the sound of unseen waters, mingling with those that meet the sight ; like the years of eternity, they follow each other in perpetual succession, apparently without beginning and without end ; but the immoveable rock stands, and has stood the same since its creation, and the same it will remain till the great globe itself shall be dissolved ; whilst the never-ceasing waters flow around its base, as doing homage to its greatness. Man feels appalled beneath the solemn influence, the lone majesty of nature ; here his energies are of no avail, his humanities are paralyzed ; there is nothing that calls for his aid, or that wants his help,

or would feel his charities, the perpetual hush of the waters abstract his mind even from himself: he stands upon their margin, till the sense of hearing appears given but to listen to their lapse, or that of sight, but to watch the little white breakers that the moss-covered stones interrupt and disperse. Sacred from all human innovations appears this sequestered dell, neither roads, or wheels, or cotton-mills, intrude upon its primeval solitude: yesterday, and to day, and to-morrow, it was, and is, and shall be the same, the for ever, and for ever of terrestrial things. The like awful monotony meets the eye as ear:—the bright green turf is dark in the shades of the valley, the soft bed of verdure, over which the river flows, tints the crystal waters with its emerald hue, and the rocks, white as those of Albion, present their chalky surface to the view; no flowers blos-

som in this wild seclusion ; it is nature's only, and her verdant livery alone it wears. An embrasure in the hills ascends to Worm-Hill. May I be allowed to quote from myself ?* “ Enclosures that destroy the natural characteristics of a country, have defaced the beauty of this once lovely village, usurped the liberty of its lawn-like common, and transformed the broad sparry path by which it was divided, into a wall-bound lane ; but Chee Torr, in all the lonely majesty of its formation, can only be changed by its great and Almighty Creator.”

STANTON-WOODHOUSE.

DARLEY-DALE, like that of Hope, is in beautiful contrast to many of those wilder ones in Derbyshire that mark the course of its mountain rivers ; half-way up its western boundary stands Woodhouse, its walls as consolidated, and as grey as the rocks by which it is sheltered. Placed upon a natural terrace, high above the vale of Darley, through which the Derwent flows and sparkles to the view. The village church reposing upon its sylvan banks, appears the sacred guardian of the scene, holding out the blessed promise, that to those

who fear God, and keep his commandments, brighter waters and never fading verdure shall be theirs. From the garden terrace of Stanton-Woodhouse, a combination of beauty is spread before the eye: the fine level of Darley-Dale, extending from the gates of Chatsworth on the left, to the entrance of Matlock, a distance of four or five miles; little cottages nestling beneath their elmy tufts; the sparry road winding along the course of the river; the handsome stone bridge of several arches that unites its banks, the rising mountains on the opposite side, partially covered with pines, and terminating in heathy moors; and at its extremity the south front of Chatsworth just caught between its receding woods, like a rich mass of amber in its green ocean bed; whilst the Matlock termination of the Dale is marked by revolving columns of smoke, that in sil-

very whiteness glitter in the sunshine, or brighten the darker day. The House might have been an appendage to Haddon. Its thick walls and iron-bound windows, circular stone stair-way and turreted chimnies, accord with that ancient place. One spacious apartment has been modernised, "perhaps sixty years ago," and the present domestic accommodations are well suited for the habits and residence of a gentleman's family. Fine old yews and hollies, that have almost attained the size of forest trees, grow beneath the terrace; and in a line with the House, elms that might vie with the chestnut of a hundred horse, spread their leafy arms around; whilst beneath the windows, the china-rose grows as boldly, and blooms as brightly as though it was at home in the imperial gardens of the celestial city. More elevated and more blessed than "the pea-

sant's nest," of Cowper, the silver springs gush out with never-ceasing freshness, and never-failing force, beneath the umbrageous canopy of the gigantic elm. I wonder not that pagans and the early christians, should have consecrated their fountains ; I always feel disposed to consider an invisible Deity presiding over them. All that is simple in manners, beautiful in fancy, and venerable in recollection associates with these Wells by the way-side. I never pass them without a hundred recognitions, scriptural, classical, and local, fleeting from my fancy and my memory, to my affections : Hagar, Rebecca, Rachael, in all their beauty pass before me, and stand beside them ; the woman of Samaria and her Divine Master irradiates them ; wherever they flow they are a testimony of the goodness of God ; wherever their waters are gathered together they are a memorial

of the benevolence of man ; and not any where is the association more manifest than in those parts of Derby Petrea, where the rocks from whence they gush, and the wild moorlands from whence they spring, are all the variety the extensive tract presents ; the dark rocks, the purple heath, the varied sky, and the welcome stone basins of water by the side of the long-protracted road ! From the village of Rousley, on the brink of the Derwent, three quarters of a mile of gentle ascent, and one quarter of steeper rising, leads you to Stanton-Woodhouse, where the pure stream flows amidst the richest verdure, its sparkling current delighting the eye, and its liquid music charming the ear.

The vicinage of Woodhouse combines the most attractive objects of a Derbyshire residence. First, as foremost, is Chatsworth ; its local and natural beauties, its artificial and

graceful decorations, and its sacred associations, with all that is noble in man and beautiful in woman, stamps its pre-eminence in every stage of its erection. What it was, what it is, what it is to be. Haddon, the grey-towered Haddon, where a history lingers in every apartment, and hangs upon every turret ; grand in what it has been, venerable in what it is ; renowned in picture, in story, and in song ; the solemnity of whose exterior, not all the capricious windings of the Wye, as it wantons in the meadows below, can soften to a smile ; is within half an hour's walk of Stanton, midway between it and Bakewell, that lies amidst its crystal waters in the vale below. The rocky defile of Matlock, through whose marble channel the Derwent leads his liquid train, presenting a summer assemblage of varied life, and a winter scene of exquisite beauty,

is within an easy morning's ride of Stanton ; that ride through Darly Dale—it would be no misnomer to have written Darling Dale—distinguished not alone by its sylvan enchantments, but from being the abode of those who, by making it their residence, evince their appreciation of its green and lucid delights. To look back upon several weeks passed amidst such scenes, in the finest weather of one of the finest summers England has presented, when all the flowers of June were in bloom without, and music, beauty, and friendship within, is like a retrospect of those delicious dreams, that in the morning of life imposes a feeling of inexpressible tenderness throughout the day, “redolent of joy, and vernal delight.”

N O R T O N.



UPON one of those elevations that environ Sheffield, some covered by lofty woods, others extending in far distant moorlands, each varied in form and feature, but all beautiful in effect, is Norton ; the most northern, as its name denotes, of the Derbyshire townlets. Its southern precincts are marked by a long line of Scotch firs that skirt its scite, and from whence the surrounding country is seen in panoramic pomp ; to the north the town of Sheffield, with its venerable spire, and junior towers, and rising back grounds ; to the west, the high moors of Derbyshire, “ their purple mantle at a distance thrown,”

diurnally brightened by the gorgeous sun sinking beyond their long extended outline, with the richly-wooded vale of Beauchief; its beautifully headland, and its ancient monastic relic reposing beneath; over which the glowing turrets of Banner cross, enclosed by embowering shades, unites its traditional sanctity with the hallowed dale.* Eastward, gently rising grounds, cultivated and enclosed by waving hedge-rows, with little patches of native wood melting in the aerial distance, is in beautiful contrast to the richer and wilder prospect of the north and west. Thus surrounded, stands Norton; its highest point crowned by its ancient church, grey with the mosses of a thousand years, and shaded by spreading trees, intermixed with those more venerable ones that are synonymous with, and

* Abbey Dale.

mementos of, English warfare ; from which the word, so truly English, has originated, “ the yeoman of his country ;” a title, which, like that of esquire, once had a very different signification to what is now affixed to them : each being taken from military services, the one from escu, or bearer of a shield, held in defence of his chief ; the other from yuw, the bearer of the bow, which was sometimes called the yew ; equal in rank and estimation ; but that the escuiu took the precedence, as marquis takes that of earl. Norton Green *was* surrounded by Norton Hall, Norton House, an ancient chauntry, and the vicarage, forming an area of uncommon beauty and rural accommodation. The church, standing on a gentle rise, forming its southern boundary ; and the green, divided by a commodious carriage-road, was partly shaded by a row

of fine trees, that skreened Norton House from the west winds, and gave sylvan beauty to the rustic lawn; fronting which, beneath the wall that enclosed the opposite domain, an expansive pool of water dispensed freshness and aliment to man, and all the lower world. Forest trees, shrubs, and flowers, presented themselves in approximation with the different habitations; and though all was private property, yet their open display was general pleasure. The Virginia creeper, in its varied changes of green, yellow, and red, covered the high square turrets of Norton Hall; the lilacs and liburnums hung over its walled enclosure above the water; the elms and yews of the church-yard blended their foliage; the spreading pear trees, and the starry jasmine, covered the front of the Vicarage, its little court beneath rich in floral beauty; the

bright ivy and gadding woodbine clothed the gables and gateway of Norton House ; the old elms throwing their shadows on the green below its windows ; the venerable Chantry, standing a little aloof, beneath the oak of ages, with the attractive cottage at its termination, over-canopied with lofty trees, and enclosed in verdure ; and from the midst of all, a distant view of the Derbyshire hills consummated and contrasted the beauty of the scene. Such was Norton Green—but it is such no longer. The enclosure act has changed its appearance. Private convenience may be attained, private property certainly is enhanced, but rural beauty is lost, time-established liberty invaded, benevolent associations banished, and pictorial effect destroyed ; angular walls intersect the once open green, that is now parcelled off to its proprietors ; but it must

ever be lamented by those who remember its former interest, that amidst all the territory by which they are surrounded, this little patch of village freedom could not be resigned ; that the right of its possession should have been maintained is allowed, but its privileges and its pleasures should, like the verdant hue of its turf, have been perennial. Norton church, and its ancient cemetery, are happily out of the reach of desecration. How awful, for what is more awful than time past, are its associations ! In the days of the splendid crusader, it stood in all the pride of its erection, the cynosure of the piety of its earliest members ; as it did when the spirit of British liberty descended upon Runnymede, asserted her sacred supremacy, and overawed regal tyranny and popish dominion. Through all the glories of the Edwards and the Henrys, Cressy,

and Agincourt have been echoed round its walls, and the name of Elizabeth breathed in prayer beneath its roofs. Its bells have welcomed home again a restored monarch, and in him that form of government best adapted to the spirit and genius of the English people, and the British constitution; whilst its Steeple overlooks the vicinity of Whittington; the place where He, who was alike the friend of monarchy, but the enemy of tyrants, whose monumental inscription is the glory of his memory, planned and organized that bloodless revolution, that he afterwards assisted to consolidate. With William and Mary, Ann, and the Georges, it has stood in safety and in peace; and so long as time spares its stones and its timbers, so long may the purpose of its erection, and the form of its prayer remain unviolated. But the distinctions of Norton are

not all enumerated; the omnipotence of mind will bear witness to its present and future celebrity. It is the birth-place of Chantry, whose name is probably coeval with the ancient chantry-house, that a few years ago was in existence; there the germs of his genius were first unfolded, the pomp of vision, the proportions of nature, the harmony of sounds, and all that works together in the gifted mind, and the combination of talent, first met his eye and ear; before the rudiments of art had reached his comprehension, or its refinements wrought upon his imagination, unanalyzed by himself, and unaware to what a proud pre-eminence they would raise him. At Norton his maternal parent resides, in easy competence, and respectable society, receiving the annual visit of her honoured son, who, in all the

pride of his fame, cherishes those feelings, without which there can be no true sense of beauty—for beauty and goodness are one.

NORTON-LEES.

MEARSBECK, the boundary brook of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, winds with so sinuous a course, as to have changed its designation to the literal one of Maze Brook, and with capricious bendings skirts the hill on which the Hall of Norton-Lees, below Norton, and above Sheffield, appears: an old mansion-house, surrounded by adjacent woods, once inhabited by a family of Derbyshire gentry, and now presenting a specimen of the early periods of English architecture; and consequently something of the habits of living practised by our forefathers. Buildings like the hall of Norton-Lees are every day

becoming more rare, either falling into decay, or entirely removed to be replaced by others, more suitable to the habits of the present occupiers : the few that remain appear to have a venerable claim upon the posterity of their early owners, as presenting some traces of their fleeting life, the faded portraits that demonstrate they have existed. Our Saxon ancestors built their dwellings entirely of wood, as they did their Churches; in the periods immediately succeeding, plaster was intermixed with wood, with the basement story built of stone—such is this old house. The reigns of York and Lancaster tended more to the devastation of the country, than its advancement in those arts that contribute to the enjoyments of domestic life. In the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, houses composed of stone, or stone and brick, became general, possessing an air of

grandeur and accommodation, to which in our own improved times we are reverting. A proof of the remote antiquity of the old house at Norton-Lees, is the large barns on its west, their whole structure being wood, excepting a low stone basement, and their principal support, deep flat beams of oak, naturally carved, of which each pair seems to have been sawed from one tree; they spring from the ground, and form a bold gothic arch overhead: such timber frames present specimens of the architecture of Edward the First, a period when those spacious receptacles were destined to contain the fortunes of their owners, that principally consisted in the produce of their land, and in their cattle, in which the fortunes of their daughters were paid; the wardrobe of a wife, then destined to last her life, was conveyed from her father's

house to that of her husband, in a richly-carved oak chest, drawn by the oxen that formed part of her dowry. From these demonstrations it would appear that the old house at Norton-Lees was built in the reign of Richard the Second, being at that period the residence of a Parker, a person of good possessions, at Bulwell, in Nottinghamshire, who, in that reign, married Elizabeth de Gotham, only daughter of Roger de Gotham, son of Thomas de Gotham, son of Roger de Gotham, of Norton-Lees, of the county of Derby, a family who had evidently resided there three generations, and had possessed heritable property in the reign of Edward the Third; from that event (the marriage of Elizabeth de Gotham) the Parkers lineally descended, and continued to reside at Norton-Lees to the reign of Henry the Eighth, from which we may conclude it was a residence

of more importance than their patrimonial home. From this family the present Earl of Macclesfield is descended, raised to that dignity in the reign of George the First. It appears strange that the Earl of Macclesfield did not found his new-raised rank upon the superstructure of his ancestral consequence, and have revived that of the heiress to whom it owed the possession of the estates at Norton-Lees, and whose name, as is the fate of those families whose possessions descend to daughters, become obscured, or lost in that which they have enriched; but perhaps *Baron de Gotham* might have been too *sapient* a designation even for a Chancellor of Great Britain, the fountain from whence his future honours sprung. With that consideration with which our forefathers attended to the warm comforts of their habitations, the house fronts

a rising hill to the south, whilst its north aspect was sheltered by native woods, whose junior descendants form a fine colonnade, that protects and screens the venerable building; from the west winds, that are most prevalent, the huge barns were a strong barrier; and on the east, an antique yew, yet standing, was one perhaps of many more, that formed the ornamental shade of the place. Thus guarded on all sides, and warmed within by the immense fires, that the abundance of fuel supplied, and the large hearths and wide chimneys admitted, the original inhabitants felt not the season's difference, and there scarcely can be a more curious contrast than what their domestic economy and habits presented to those of their descendants; children of the same fathers, country, and climate, not differing more than the *summer-houses* now built by them, and the

substantial halls built by their forefathers : ere another generation be gone, even these, their last relics, will disappear.—Such are the fashions of this world—such the destiny of its children.

A perfect *picture* of this old mansion-house has been lately produced from the accurate and elegant pencil of E. Blore, Esq.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

“ The vision passed away, and left us dim, like men who
had seen lightning.”

THE Lady Georgiana Spencer, daughter of John Earl Spencer, was married to William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, at the age of seventeen, a gem that in all its native lustre had alone graced the maternal cabinet, and diffused its radiance over the domestic circle, from thence resigned to be more richly set, and become the brightest jewel in the ducal coronet. Wedded to Derbyshire, Derbyshire claims her as its own; exults in the recollection of her virtues and her graces, and

mourns for its desolation in her death. Youth, beauty, wealth, hereditary and acquired rank, were the external distinctions of her Grace's entrance into the public world; a heart alive to every noble impulse, a disposition tending to every amiable propensity, a temper sweetly influenced by every benevolent feeling, awakened talent, and cultivated intellect, were the native and improved endowments of the Duchess of Devonshire; formed to give brilliancy to courts, by courts she was hailed as the morning star, as the sun rejoicing in his brightness, and like that generous luminary, which bids the diamond blaze, and deigns to gild the lily, she dispensed her gracious attentions to all who aspired to their influence, and disseminated her benignant favour wherever its animating rays, or soothing beams, were sought. The enthusiasm that the young and lovely Duchess

excited at Chatsworth, the magnificent and paternal seat of the first Dukes of Devonshire, is yet, and will be long remembered. To the surrounding gentry, who flocked there to pay their congratulations on an event they hoped would fix their noble neighbour and honoured principal amongst them, she dispensed the most dignified affability, condescending with delicate and benevolent discrimination, to support those whose pretensions were least ostensible; uniting her sportive graces with the young, and bestowing her encouraging attentions to the diffident, whilst every part of her princely household rejoiced in the festive gaiety she promoted: the happiness she dispensed returned to her own bosom, for when the eye saw her, it blessed her, and the testimony of her virtues and attractions were the theme, and boast of Derbyshire. Placed almost upon the pinnacle of terrestrial gran-

deur, possessing beauty that excited universal admiration, influencing the heart, the power, and the fortune, of one of the most considerable noblemen of England, in the prime, the very prime of youth, the horizon of her life was one vast expanse of happiness, and she repelled not—where was the being so gifted that could?—the full tide of joy that flowed in upon her. To such an enchantress Fashion bowed, and appointed her high-priestess at her shrine; Pleasure threw out all her flowery allurements to secure so rich a votary; Folly laughed at Wisdom, and vowed the lovely smiling captive should be his: each made their claims, all had their hopes, but the native heart remained the same, uncorrupted, unchanged, and when the sacred voice of maternal love raised its appeal, how beautifully did that heart respond! Never did she lead a fashion, so true to nature, so

graceful to her sex, so honourable to her rank, as when she withdrew from the vortex of the world, and retired with her new-born blessing, to perform new-excited duties amidst the health-inspiring hills of Derbyshire. There, during the early infancy of her child, how amiable she was ! how attractive she appeared ! The eye of Fancy hailed her as the mother of Love, the hearts of her family as the preserver of an illustrious race, the Being that was to perpetuate the name of Cavendish to a far distant posterity : Derwent, in his various course, amidst the scenes of beauty and sublimity through which he passed, reflected not an object that united more sweetly with them, than did this lovely, youthful, and devoted mother, when with her infant in her arms she traced his bankless waters in the park of Chatsworth—presenting it to the passing peasantry as the rival of their

own rosy offspring, "Take the baby," said she, "take it in your arms—be not afraid—say whether you have any finer of its age amongst you." The delighted people viewed and blessed it, and retired to relate to their village acquaintance the condescending affability of the Duchess, describing it in one word, and that was *goodness*. "Speaking to us," said they, "with as much 'goodness,' as though we were of the same flesh and blood as herself." So soothing, so conciliating are such condescensions to the poor, and to the humble; not even the benefits flowing from her bounty, awakened warmer sentiments of respect and gratitude, than her smiles excited. "Tell me," said she, in the honeyed accents of compassion, to her local physician at Chatsworth, "how I can best help those who are in want: let your judgment assist my inexperience." But to detail the various in-

stances of her charity, generosity, benevolence, and condescension, would be to exceed the limits prescribed ; the vignette would extend to the outline of the widest canvass, and the sketch become a picture, the circumscribed page a memoir. From the great we expect great actions : but when they condescend to perform kindnesses, confer benefits, and diffuse happiness in all the minutiae of benevolence, with all the sweetness of personal encouragement and consolation, we feel that it is not in the pride of humanity, but by its principle, they are actuated. Sir William Jones, “ the most enlightened of the sons of men,” was the friend and correspondent of the youth of Lady Georgiana Spencer ; the Countess of Spencer, one of the most accomplished of women, was her earliest preceptress, and her maternal guide ; the Lady Henrietta, her most attached friend,

and all who were distinguished by talent, by learning, by elegance, by royalty, were her associates, courted her smiles, and acknowledged her distinctions. All that unites happily-assorted spirits, “finely touched to the finest issues,” attached the Duchess of Devonshire and the Countess of Besborough : sisters in affection as in blood, whether pursuing rural pleasures, and promoting princely hospitality amid the wild scenery of Derbyshire, the Switzerland of England ; or seeking health amid the vales of Devonshire, the Italy of their native land ; crossing the Alps in the pursuit of science, or reposing on the banks of the Arno, in the cultivation of taste : the rose of friendship still bloomed for them, and under every sky found its soil in their united affection. The Duchess of Devonshire delighted in the study of elegant literature, and ever paid respect and homage

to those who were distinguished by its possession. Her love of music sprang from the only source that can produce its most beautiful and pathetic effects, a feeling heart, and a refined taste. Long as the simple and touching song of "the poor white man" shall be remembered, and remembered it will so long as taste and feeling exist, it will prove how deeply she was impressed by each; how the native purity and simplicity of her mind was uncorrupted by that world which was thought to absorb her. Music and poetry are too nearly allied, to be divided in a mind where talent is added to tenderness and delicacy. The beautiful lines written by her Grace, when crossing Mount St. Gothard, paint its rugged heights with descriptive excellence; whilst the concluding stanzas express the sweetest feelings of the mother's heart, anticipating in a re-

union with her beautiful children the gratification of its best affections. In drawing she was eminently skilled; the genuine taste she possessed was aided by her intimacy with the finest productions of the imitative arts that the cabinets of the Duke of Devonshire, richly stored as they are with paintings, statues, medals, and gems, afford, and an acquaintance with those that the palaces and galleries of Italy possess. In the study and acquisition of mineralogy, she evinced deep research and scientific knowledge; in its pursuit gratifying the powers of her capacious mind, and complimenting the particular science of her adopted country. Two beautiful cabinets of Derbyshire minerals and fossils, selected and classed by her Grace, ornament Chatsworth, most valuable to every one who remembers with affection and respect the hand by which they were

arranged. In the Duchess of Devonshire's intercourse with society, she removed the barriers of state and ceremony that had too long insulated the higher ranks from its pleasures. Her parties, in London, were distinguished by its happiest requisites, talents and learning, elegance and harmony, with the ease and polish of high life ; and when it was seen that, under a correct judgment, their union derogated nothing from, but added grace to her high station, her example became a fashion, and her manners a standard. Nobly born, nobly allied, and nobly endowed, she never attempted to wrap herself up in proud reserve, chill the kind affections of the heart, and keep aloof from all the sweet charities of life, lest she should fail to exact that particular deference, that, conscious she was entitled to receive, she never apprehended would be

withheld. In her were united the genuine essentials of nobility—dignity and courtesy : those who only know the former, know but in part what is due to their high station, and by such only could the impulse of her sweet affability and condescending attentions be mistaken. The venerable, the “time-honoured” Countess of Spencer, lived to weep for the extinction of that spirit which prompted the noble heart of her beloved daughter. The anxious hopes, and trembling fears, that the last illness of the Duchess of Devonshire excited in her own family ; the solicitude of friends, the respectful inquiries of more distant acquaintance, the throng of carriages that beset Devonshire-House, the apprehensions of all, from the prince to the dependant, evinced how deep an interest her danger excited. The hopes of the most sanguine,

and the prayers of the most devoted, received their final suspension. To the great, and to the gay, to the lovely, and to the virtuous, the death of the Duchess of Devonshire spoke with a voice that thrilled the soul; it told, that to her who was allied to them all, the lot of all was assigned; that she, who like Solomon, had tried all things, was arrived at that period when all things become vanity; and it is humbly trusted, that in those awful moments, when but a thin partition, a shadowy veil, was spread betwixt life and eternity, that merciful Being, who had witnessed her thousand acts of charity, and feelings of compassion to her suffering fellow-creatures, would soothe her departing spirit with the whispers of his redeeming peace. To those nearest and dearest, who remain to lament her loss, how consolatory must be the reflection of her bene-

ficence, that she never closed her ear to the widow's woe, and, the orphan's wail; that of the good things given to her, she cheerfully imparted to those who needed them; that she never looked down with disdain upon the least of those little ones, and that to her children she left the richest legacy a mother could bequeath, an unspotted honour, pure, and undefamed, which even the breath of calumny never sullied; and many a blessing, for that mother's sake, shall fall upon their heads! In Derbyshire, where the impression of all her early graces, and matured attractions, had made the most lively impresssion, the most unaffected sorrow succeeded, from the higher to the most humble mourner. Amongst them her mortal remains are laid, and those amber waves that still flow around the palace she once irradiated, now reflect her tomb.

COUNTESS OF BESBOROUGH.

The Dead are like the stars by day ;
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way,
In glory through the sky.

THE remains of Henrietta Francis, Countess of Besborough, second daughter of John Earl Spencer, and at the same time her infant grandchild, the cherub companion of her life and death, were interred in All-Saints' Church, Derby, the mausoleum of that noble family, with whom she was so intimately connected by the ties of consanguinity, of marriage, and of affection.

Amidst the various excellencies that dis-

tinguished the character of Lady Besborough, her susceptibility of all the sweet charities and relative endearments of domestic life, were most pre-eminent. Highly gifted by native talent, and rich in intellectual acquirements, the tender affections of her nature was her most peculiar charm, endearing her to all upon whom connexion or circumstance conferred the happiness of her association. Heroic in spirit, she disregarded peril and personal hazard, when the tender apprehensions of a mother led her to the contemplation of death in its most frightful form—to the seat of war, and the field of battle: there her fond affection was richly repaid by receiving him living, who amongst so many of his gallant compatriots, had been numbered with the glorious dead, on the plains of Waterloo.

According to the wish of Lady Besborough,

her mortal remains were laid with those of the late Duchess of Devonshire. The spirit of sisterly, of sympathetic affection, that had fondly united these distinguished women in life, ceased only in death. "Rival sisters," though often applied to them, was not just in its general acceptation. Beautiful in person, captivating in manners, and amiable in disposition, they were too tenderly endeared, too faithfully attached to be rivals, but as became the daughters of the same noble House, and emulous of its hereditary distinctions; and most delightful it was to witness the sweet association of their sister-graces, which was like the lustre of a beautiful silk, whose interwoven fabric is formed of the richest colours, and as the varying hues are presented to the eye, each receiving tints more brilliant from their combination. Whichever most predominated was the most

attractive, as their union was the most complete. When this beautifully blended web of life was rent, by the death of the Duchess of Devonshire, all that was associated with her name and nature, became more sacred to the fond survivor; to appreciate her virtues, to recal her excellencies, to refer to her local attachments, was a tender passport to the heart of Lady Besborough, who never wrote or spoke of that gracious being, but all that was lovely, and animated, and energetic glowed in every word and motion; and when the silver chord of life was breaking, its retrospective vibrations thrilled to that tender strain that had ever been in unison with her more protracted existence. Derbyshire! the county that had received the Duchess of Devonshire on her entrance into life, where the rosy mornings of their youth had flown on downy wings, where the more matured hours

of their life had reposed in sweet association; was chosen as the place of her final rest. The wild sublimity of its grey rocks and mountain streams, its purple heights and sylvan valleys, was congenial with their united feelings, and their mutual tastes; and their remembrance had been fondly cherished in the heart of Lady Besborough:—there she chose that her last home should be, and there those who in life were so lovely, in death are not divided.

Cold are those noble hearts on Derwent's shore,
And all their glowing energies are felt no more.

E Y A M.



SURROUNDED by lofty mountains leading to distant moors stands Eyam, upon a natural terrace, half way up those rising hills, the multitude of which form the High Peak of Derbyshire; sheltered by their elevation, and cheerful in its midway ascent, overlooking rocky dales, and verdant dingles, interspersed with grassy crofts and shadowy trees. But Eyam, the full vowelled Eyam, possesses higher distinctions; recorded names that outlive the characteristics of a country, and the conditions of man.

Catherine Mompesson, the self-devoted wife, the pious, the heroic, and judicious pastor, the resigned and submissive villagers of

the sixteenth century, have consecrated Eyam ; by the names of Seward, father and daughter, of Cunningham the accomplished scholar, the elegant companion, and the eloquent preacher, it is commemorated. The Church and Rectory House of Eyam are contiguous ; the lawn of bright and vivid green separates the House from the Church-yard ; time-worn and grey in years, the venerable pile derives an added solemnity from the deep shadow of the ancient elms and darker yew trees that grow within the cemetery. The drawing-room windows open towards this sacred enclosure, but the little village street was excluded by a beautiful avenue of trees, planted by Mr. Seward upon an artificial terrace at the verge of the lawn, always affording a dry and shaded walk. After his death, injudicious parsimony, or a lamentable necessity, occasioned this sylvan screen to be cut down.

The breakfast room on the back front, the room where the household deities were most constantly worshipped, and their votaries most frequently assembled, opened upon a small sloping enclosure, ornamented by a profusion of flowers that overhung the village houses of the lower part of Eyam, above whose humble roofs, the heathy mountains to the east arose in sudden elevation, at their base the eye extends over the long natural terrace that runs in continuation from Eyam above the little town of Stoney Middleton, so romantically situated at the extremity of its rocky defiles; green patches of cultivation, mixed with indigenous verdure, and recent plantations, are presented, whilst in the far-off landscape, the crystal decorations, and the glittering windows of Chatsworth, gild and animate the scene. The Reverend Thomas Seward, Rector of Eyam, was eminently

distinguished by those requisites that form the gentleman, and constitute the scholar, with the virtue and piety that are indispensable in the moral character, and the clerical dispensation. Mrs. Seward was distinguished by exquisite beauty and polite manners, and the graces and endowments of each highly-gifted parent were imparted to their daughter. The barrier mountains of Eyam enclosed a small but intelligent society, where the genuine spirit of old English hospitality existed in all its cordial warmth, and primitive simplicity: to these were added the intercourse of kindness with two or three neighbouring families of the same degree, and occasionally that of courtesy from their more illustrious one at Chatsworth, the aggregate forming the early society of Anna Seward, for from the age of three years she accompanied her devoted father in all his excursions of plea-

sure, of exercise, of piety, of charity, and the subsequent period, short as it was, served to impress upon her precocious mind, and affectionate nature, the local endearments of her Alpine home ; all that met the eye and ear of Anna Seward's childhood, was raised above the petty objects of common existence, and the first seven years of such a being, the nature of such a country, determined the taste and feelings of her future life. The parochial duties of Mr. Seward were limited, but those self-imposed numerous. He watched over his pastoral charge, as the good shepherd watcheth over his flock, recalling the wanderers to his fold, and carrying the young lambs in his bosom ; " to him their hopes, their fears, their wants were given : " thus was the love of kindness, and the bond of union, interwoven with the earliest feelings of the children of his house,

and those of his parish ; before knowledge had unrolled her ample page, they saw how lovely goodness is, and felt the beauty of the moral world, as the intellectual one became displayed. The acquirements of Mr. Seward were the result of a highly cultivated education, combining the result of academic study and foreign travel ; his poetry was the poetry of the schools, correct imagery and harmonious numbers—but his daughter was born a poet, receiving her inspiration from the sublime scenery upon which she opened her infant eyes ; it came on the wings of the gale, on the blast of the mountain, in the gathering of the mists, with the rosy light of morning, in the purple shades of evening, with the silver crescent in the twilight sky, in the full glory of the midnight moon ; it arose from earth in the perfume of the flowers, it descended from heaven in the

harmony of the skies ; Genius opened wide her golden gates, and presented all that was beautiful in the material and intellectual world to her enraptured gaze ; Joy sparkled in her cup, and friends and fortune smiled upon her opening life ; all the attraction of her after days were the emanations of her childhood and her youth : and at Eyam they were engendered. Mr. Seward's promotion to the canonry of Lichfield removed his family from Eyam, excepting as occasional residents. Mrs. Seward was in the bloom of youth and loveliness, and though married to the man of her choice, and the object of his most devoted affection, she never ceased to regret the gay and more discriminating society of her native Lichfield, where she had been the object of general admiration. She felt that amidst its enlightened circle and elegant society, the talents of Mr. Seward,

of which she was laudably proud, would be more justly appreciated, and his qualifications receive their more gratifying tribute. Those feminine accomplishments that she considered essential to the education of her daughters were not attainable at Eyam ; few young women, at that period, were qualified to teach, and the attendance of masters were excluded by their insulated residence ; the removal, therefore of Mr. Seward to Lichfield, was the consummation of her fondest wishes, for him, herself, and daughters ; and the secluded rectory of Eyam was left for the Episcopal Palace ; the wild sublimity of Derbyshire for the sylvan graces of Staffordshire ; the select society of early youth for the lettered intercourse of a prebendal circle ; the soft and silent joys of Eyam for the gay associations of an elegant city—but never did these attractions banish from her heart

the country of her birth, or the friends of her childhood; radiant in beauty, never did she return to Eyam without all the feelings of that heart glowing on her fine features, and sparkling in her beautiful eyes, recognizing, with fond delight, its every inhabitant—from the friends of her choice to the humblest resident of her native village. On these occasional visits—visits that kept alive the intercourse of reverence and regard that never ceased to exist betwixt Mr. Seward, his parishioners, and his friends—Mr. and Miss Seward were accompanied by two beings whose names are identified with theirs, by every feeling of admiration, of affection, and of sorrow; alike formed to soothe in friendship, and to charm in love—Honora Sneyd and Major André—the beautiful, and the brave. During twelve years, the same roof sheltered, the same room afforded

repose to those tenderly-attached young women, Anna Seward and Honora Sneyd; new connexions, and more extended duties, withdrew Honora from the home of her youth; soon after marrying, she went to Ireland—the same country no longer held them; *too soon* after, dying, the same world contained them not; and in the grave of Honora, the sweetest sympathies and affections of Anna Seward were buried; for the untimely death of Major André, the tears of a nation were blended with hers, and Eyam became more dear as having witnessed their mutual graces and talents, and their hapless attachment; every apartment of the rectory was sacred, every inanimate object they contained were cherished memorials of her departed parents, sister, and friends. An exquisite little poem, entitled “Eyam,” expresses the feelings it ever excited, with genuine tenderness,

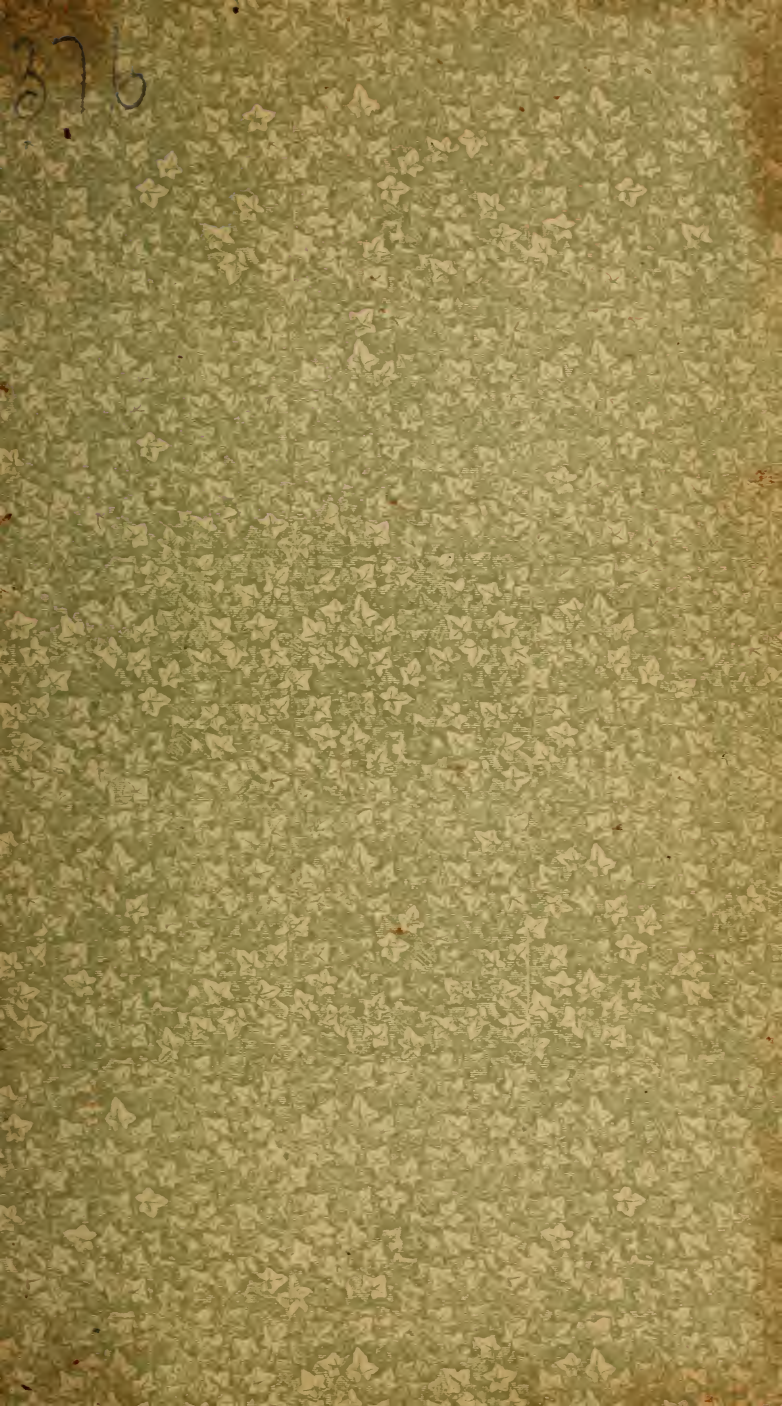
only to be compared in pathos with the last she wrote, a most musical, most melancholy retrospective of her life, her "Remembrance." Like the Bird of Beauty, the Lady of the Lake, her dying notes are sweetest; presenting, in all the pathos of genuine feeling, the climax of her joys, her griefs, and her muse. With these claims, shall not Eyam raise its fair head amidst the proudest places of the Peak, and assert its sanctified, its lettered pre-eminence ! Eyam, that only insensibility of heart, and dulness of eye, can pass through without reverting to what it has been, and acknowledging what yet remains.

THE END.

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